The Liberalist

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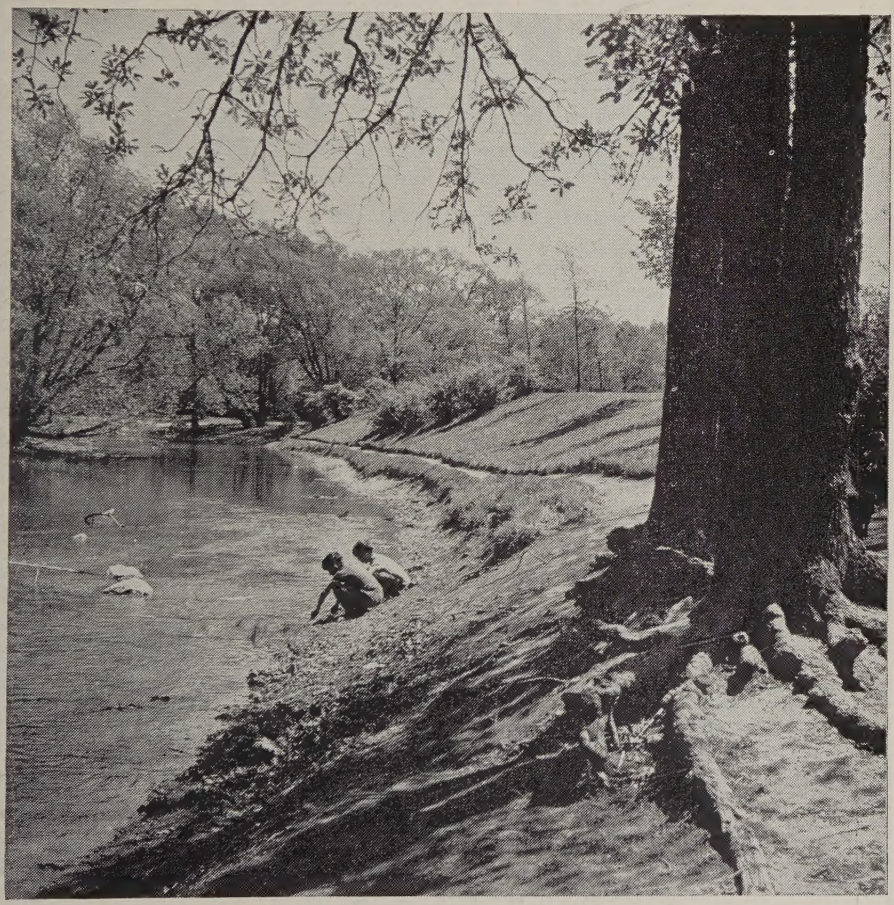
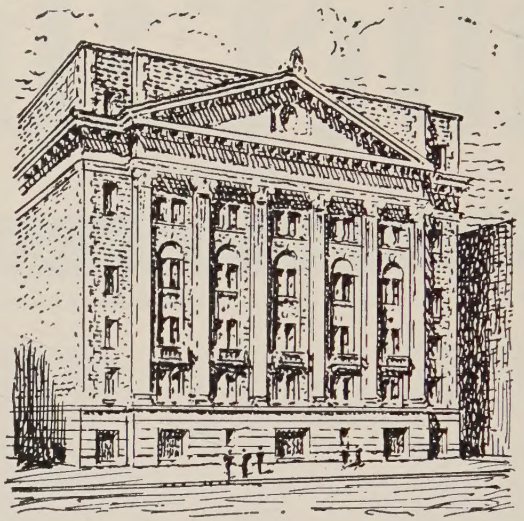


Let Life be lovely!
Let Life have its way.
It is not bound by spheres
Nor timed by mortal day.
Give love the reins;
Stem not a single tide;
Let song-birds wing their way;
Let petals open wide.

(From "Collected Poetry")

Give Life your trust . . .
Though all the rest may fear.
That which love grants to you
Is all you need hold dear.
Look up to stars—
Your own horizons broad—
Live lovely! And your heart
Will cry—Why THIS is God!

Francesca Falk Miller



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THERE is one moment in the sailing for Europe which "has a meaning all its own." Although I have gone through the experience many times, it never fails to create an emotion which defies adequate description. The first time I experienced it was in 1914. It was a beautiful June morning. I was sailing on the "Saturnia" of the Anchor Donaldson Line, from Montreal to Glasgow. I can recapture that particular moment and recreate the emotion I experienced, as I write these words forty-two years later. It is as vivid and realistic today as it was then in the long ago. I have never sailed since, in any ship, to any port, without experiencing the same reaction. It was present in my heart the other day, when I sailed on the fine motorship "Kungsholm" of the Swedish American Line, from the pier in New York, bound for Goteborg, Sweden.

I had arrived in New York at 6:30 in the morning. It was a perfect June day. Stopping for breakfast on the way to the pier I could hardly realize the long-planned trip was now a reality. Coming to the pier I could see the funnels of the "Kungsholm" above the pier shed. That is always the first thrill. The examination of my passport and other details incidental to boarding the ship were efficiently handled and I walked up the covered gangplank to one of the most perfectly appointed and graceful ships I have ever seen. There I was joined by the Reverend Dr. William Clyde Donald, minister of the Bethel Church of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and who was accompanying me on part of my itinerary.

The hour for sailing drew near. Ocean-going ships, with their timetable schedules are quite prompt in their departure. My favorite place on any ship is right under the bridge on the highest deck available to passengers. With most ships one can see over the bow and have a good view of the sea and traffic. This is especially impressive in New York harbor, where one sometimes wonders how his ship will ever get by the tugs, barges, ferries and ships of all kinds, shapes and tonnage. So skilled are the pilots and captains that accidents in the busy harbor are rare. So fascinated am I with the harbor activity, I remember once, when Mother and I were returning on the "Muenchen" of the North German Lloyd many years ago, that after eleven days at sea, immediately after landing in New York, we went over to the Staten Island Dock and took a ferry ride. Verily the love of the sea and ships is in my blood. Somewhere back across the years there must have been a sea captain ancestor. I have sailed in ships of every tonnage; I have been at sea in mighty storms; I have been on a ship which went aground; once in Cherbourg harbor I was on a ship which, one bleak, rainy, tempestuous night, was rammed by another ship. I have had many experiences in "great waters," but anxiety never became fear. The fascination of the sea never ceases. I feel nearer to the Infinite on the sea than anywhere else in the world—even nearer than when flying above the clouds!

Well, the great moment I started out to tell you about returned to me as we stood on the sun deck forward, and after a long blast of the ship's siren, I noticed the first, almost imperceptible movement of the ship, as I looked

down at the dock. The gangplanks were removed, the ship's lines were cast off, the tugs responded to the pilot's whistle — gradually, slowly, noiselessly the lovely ship began to move. You saw the first open water between the ship and the pier—one could easily jump from the ship to the pier—that's the moment!! You never realize you are really on your way until that moment comes. You realize the throbbing engines will never stop for eight days—you realize the Atlantic is before you! As your stately ship gathers headway and slowly backs out into the river, you are breaking bonds with everything and everyone you leave behind. Oh, I know there are ship-to-shore telephones and the wireless—yet the feeling of severing the ties of your life is there just the same. You are in another world and a different world. The traveler who does not feel this is to be pitied. They must be enslaved by the materialism around them. They are missing one of the great moments of the entire voyage. I have seen passengers retire to the smoke room and begin a bridge game before the ship leaves the port; or continue a stateroom drinking party until far out to sea. What a pity! What a tragedy that people become so dependent on external things. They must be entertained! They must find escape! They must be active! They must be surrounded with people! They cannot be alone! How I pity them. I do not condemn; I do not criticize. I just wish there were some way I could make them see how futile and barren such a life is! There are great vistas of beauty, grandeur, harmony and tranquility which they never see.

I have known people crossing the Atlantic who missed the greatest experience of all. Some of them I am sure never really saw the sea, the sky, the golden glory of a sunrise at sea or the quiet symphony of sunset colors. They played at nothing all night and slept all day. This is not true of many but it is tragically true of too many.

I always have a feeling at sea which I experience at no other time or place. To me it seems a complete break—almost like being suspended. You have completely broken with something which you have left, and you are not yet a part of something which is ahead. I think this feeling is responsible for the rest which the sea always brings to me. Something is behind you and completely detached—something is ahead of you which you have not yet experienced. You are between the two, and in the interval body, soul and mind become refreshed, strengthened and fortified. It is no mystery to me that physicians and psychiatrists frequently suggest a sea voyage. Their advice is better than they realize. I have seen the transformation in many people on shipboard. The first day out you read in their tense faces and restlessness their soul weariness, and then as the days pass you see the miracle of the healing sea change their countenances, their actions and their dispositions. There is an eternal majesty and challenge about the sea. Its influence awakens the eternal depths of one's soul. No wonder it has always inspired its finest poets and awakened the creativeness of our best writers. Would you find the answers to the complicated problems of life, ask the sea! No one has told us in modern literature more truthfully than has Anne Morrow Lindbergh in her incomparable little book "Gift From the Sea." If we were to remove from literature the influence of the sea it would be fatally impoverished. The Master Poet loved a sea and knew how to calm its turbulent waters. The miracle was not that angry waves were subdued — the miracle was that the

serenity of a great faith so calmed the tempests of the soul that an angry sea had no power. Such is the miracle of the sea and for such do I love it. I shall sail on it at every opportunity. I shall linger on its shores as often as I can. It has never failed me yet.

I return to my work in this 45th year of my pastorate with a vigor and energy I have seldom known. There are greater things to be done than we have yet attempted. The challenge becomes more distinct. Every area of life is in turmoil, confusion, frustration, uncertainty and turbulence. Greater light is to break forth in religion, education, government and art than we have ever known. I return to my pulpit this fall feeling a responsibility and an opportunity which grows upon me every hour. Our church has met the great critical periods during the past difficult years. We are needed today more than ever. With such an attitude and with your help we will have an achieving year together.

* * *

Every Sunday I was away from the United States I either preached myself, or attended a church service. From childhood Sunday has always been a different day. No matter where I am, if a church service is available, I always attend. I have attended services of every denomination. It isn't so much what you get out of a church service as it is what you bring with you. I can find something in every church and I can receive some good out of every service.

The Purser of the "Kungsholm" Mr. L. Nylander, invited me to preach on the ship the Sunday we were at sea. There were many Chicago friends aboard. Mr. Edgar B. Kixmiller, of 6939 S. Crandon Avenue, one of Chicago's well-known attorneys and for many years identified with Swift & Company, and Mrs. Kixmiller, together with Mr. and Mrs. Reuben A. Olson, of Round Lake, Illinois, were ship companions whom we enjoyed all the way to Sweden. Mr. Olson is a world authority on violins and he entertained us frequently with interesting episodes concerning musicians, and the famous violinists he has known. The hospitality and graciousness of the Kixmillers and the Olsons will always be a memory souvenir of an unusually happy voyage. We renewed our friendships again when we all met later in Copenhagen. There were many other friends and acquaintances aboard who, with the many new friends we made from many different places and countries will always make our trip on the "Kungsholm" a memorable one.

The "Kungsholm" has, among its many comfortable and artistic features, a completely equipped modern moving picture theatre. The divine services are held in this beautiful theatre. The stage is transformed into an altar and an atmosphere of worship and inspiration is created. Our Roman Catholic friends held mass every morning. A Swedish service was held at 10:00 a.m. on Sunday. The general service, at which I preached, was at 11:00 o'clock. Dr. Donald was invited to conduct the service, which he did with dignity and effectiveness. His choice of lessons, hymns, and his remarks in introducing me created a friendly spirit in which to preach. The theatre was packed to overflowing and many stood in the aisles for the entire hour. The sea was kind and I enjoyed the experience just as I always do when preaching at sea. I shall never forget the great experience I had when I preached on that fastest ship afloat—the "United States." I spoke on "The

Need for Unity." I based my sermon on the need for unity by using the ship we were on as an illustration. In the congregation were several other clergymen, and people of every race and creed were present. I was honored by the presence of the Rev. and Mrs. C. Oscar Sundberg, from Gardner, Mass. Dr. Sundberg is a Methodist. I attended the service which he held in Swedish and, although I understood but little, I easily sensed his deep spiritual perceptions and was greatly compensated for attending. I later had many informal chats with him and his devoted companion as we met in the amenities of shipboard life. I shall remember his kindly, gracious spirit and shall always cherish their memory.

At our service the pianist from the ship's orchestra was the organist. The hymns chosen were familiar. The singing was hearty. All the Scandinavians love to sing. Altogether it was a most inspiring service. As I sat there waiting for the time to preach, my mind went across the miles of sea and land as I recaptured the memories of past experiences in our own pulpit. After the ship's service several passengers told me they had attended services in our church in Chicago. That always brings a glow to my heart.

* * *

The first glimpse of land on the other side of the Atlantic is another thrilling moment in an Atlantic crossing. I was up at four o'clock in the morning to see on the horizon the dim outline of the coast of Scotland. It was just a bluish blur above the rim of the sea but you knew it was land. A few hours later we passed through Pentland Firth and the Orkney Islands —then the little fishing boats all around us—the land coming nearer—past the islands with their white lighthouses. Finally we came to the narrowing sea which leads into the picturesque harbor of Goteborg. On the way to our pier we passed two U. S. cruisers outward bound—hundreds of American sailors lined the docks, cheering and waving as we passed. The dentist of one of our passengers was on one of the U. S. ships. He is a Naval Reserve Officer. They had planned to meet in Goteborg, but his ship sailed before we docked. As we passed, they waved to each other and the anticipated meeting was never realized. Life is like that.

I left the "Kungsholm" reluctantly. It had been an almost perfect voyage. As I walked ashore I breathed a prayer of gratitude. Now the work and travel for which I came was before me. It had been a long time since I was in Sweden. It was many years ago, when Mother, Jimmie, Helen and I visited Norway, Sweden and Denmark. We went then from Newcastle-Upon-Tyne across the North Sea to Bergen, Norway. I had been there once before when in 1926 I was a representative to the celebration of the Icelandic Parliament, at Reykjavik, Iceland. After my Icelandic experience I crossed to Bergen, Norway, in a not-to-be-forgotten little ship called the "Meteor." It was the roughest sea I have ever experienced. The ship was only 4,000 tons and it took us four days. I slept on the floor of my stateroom for it was impossible to stay in the berth.

Goteborg is one of the finest and busiest cities in Sweden. Cities all over the world have become so standardized and commercialized that there is a monotonous sameness; but the Scandinavian cities are different. My engagements were such I could not remain in Goteborg as long as I would have liked. So it means I must go back some day. I can easily understand why so many of the Swedish and Norwegian people who migrated to the

United States found their way to Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Riding along the highways in Scandinavia or looking from the fine modern electric trains, you can easily imagine you are in parts of Minnesota. The pines, the rocks, the lakes, all seem familiar. I saw many scenes which reminded me of the view I have now when I look up from the desk where I am writing, in my little one-room Study, to the waters of beautiful Lake Vermilion. I understand why so many of my neighbors here are Swedish, Norwegian and Finnish. This north country of Minnesota reminds them of home, and the things which remind us of home are precious to us.

* * *

It is not far from Goteborg, Sweden to Copenhagen, Denmark, and every mile of the way is scenic and attractive. I was delighted on arrival in Copenhagen to be met by the Reverend Thorvald Kierkegaard, pastor of the only liberal free church in all of Scandinavia. We first met at the International Conference of Religious Liberals in Prague, Czechoslovakia in 1926—30 years ago. We have met often since. We met at a similar conference in Oxford, England, and last year we were together at the meeting in Belfast, Ireland. On my last visit to Copenhagen many years ago, Mother and I attended his service one Sunday morning. The experience is a vivid memory today. His spiritual, almost saintly personality, has deepened with the years. I know of no man on either side of the Atlantic who impresses me more with the depth of spiritual perception than Pastor Kierkegaard. When we were in Ireland together last summer he invited me to preach in his Copenhagen pulpit. I immediately accepted for this summer. It was an experience I long had sought. I wanted to know him better—to renew the friendship with his loyal helpmate, Mrs. Kierkegaard, and their unusually devoted and talented daughter. Unfortunately the latter was in the United States on a speaking tour while I was in Denmark.

The Kierkegaards will have been married 50 years on the 11th of October. It would be a friendly expression of appreciation for his great work if everyone who reads these words would send to Pastor and Mrs. Thorvald Kierkegaard, Holsteinsgade 55, Copenhagen, Denmark, an anniversary card. He escorted Dr. Donald and me to the fine old historic hotel, the Hotel d'Angleterre, which was to be my home for seven days.

I never stayed in a more comfortable hotel. The staff were untiring in their efforts. The location is ideal. The food is unsurpassed. The atmosphere is quiet and refined.

I have much more to tell of my experience and my reactions in Copenhagen, but my space is limited and the rest will have to wait for the October issue.

* * *

It hardly seems possible the summer is so nearly over. As you read these words all the plans for the opening service have been made. Never in all the years have I looked more hopefully to an opening Sunday—September 16th, at 11 a.m. I am speaking on "Atlantic Interlude." Station WJJD will broadcast the service and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett will be presenting our fine choir and music. I will be disappointed if I do not see you. My heart and mind are filled with enthusiasm for the year ahead. I hope it has been a pleasant summer for you and yours. I appreciate all you are doing to help. May the year ahead be our best year together!

"SOME RADIO EXPERIENCES"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, May 20, 1956

THERE are always two aspects to every anniversary, two attitudes that are somewhat related but are quite distinctive. The first is the attitude of looking backward. On an anniversary occasion the tendency, I think, is to look back across the years! And then there is the attitude of looking forward! And every true anniversary is a combination of both and, I think, is best observed when both these attitudes are realized! If I were to follow out that suggestion regarding what is in my heart this morning, I'm quite sure that we would be here not one hour, but many hours! Particularly as I look backward! One of the great advantages of living a long time is living through the great changes that have come to the world! Only people who have lived a long time, I think, have the advantage and the opportunity of contrast! I have seen the end of one era in human history and I have been privileged to live through half of the 20th Century! I knew the last of the 19th Century; I have known more than half of the 20th Century! And if you think of those years in terms of what has happened to the world, I am quite sure that a panorama would pass before us that, to one who did not have the experience, would seem almost unbelievable!

I look back thirty-three years in the life of our contemporary world and realize the world that I was in when the microphone first was presented to me and we were given what was almost an unprecedented privilege—broadcasting a religious service! Two churches in the United States preceded this broadcast, one by three months and the other by five! The first church to broadcast its service in the United States was the Shadyside Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh! That church remained on the air for several years and then abandoned broadcasting. The second church in the United States to broadcast its service was Central Church of Chicago, during the pastorate of one of the great poet preachers of the American pulpit, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Shannon. Dr. Shannon was the second broadcasting Protestant minister in the United States and he went on over KYW which was then located in Chicago, and I believe is now located in Pittsburgh, but Dr. Shannon and Central Church stayed on a few years and then they abandoned broadcasting. And neither of these churches now broadcast their services! The third church in the United States to go on the air was THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO! We are now the only church of that era broadcasting its regular Sunday morning church service, giving our church and this broadcast now the distinction of being the oldest, continuous church broadcast in the United States!

I shall never forget when the proposition was first presented to our Board of Trustees! We had no precedent to follow, but the opportunity of broadcasting the service was carefully weighed. We had several meetings about it—some of the board were in favor of it, some were not! Some felt that it would interfere with the attendance at the services—that if people could remain home and hear a

church service they wouldn't come to church! There were many arguments which were used against the broadcast! There were those who felt that it was a matter of people simply not being able to worship in a broadcast service, that the element of worship would not be present, and that the thing for people to do was to attend the church and worship in the church and not depend upon a broadcast! Well, there were many arguments, but it was finally decided that we begin broadcasting! And we were given the opportunity by one of the pioneer stations in the City of Chicago that the older listeners may remember—WQJ. It was a station owned and operated by the Calumet Baking Powder Company. They had an announcer on that station by the name of Jerry Sullivan, and Jerry Sullivan was the first announcer in radio to announce me or this church! I received, just a moment ago, since the service started, during the singing of the hymn, a telegram from Jerry Sullivan! I tried to get him here this morning. I had hoped that it would be possible for him to be present. He does come occasionally. But Jerry Sullivan was the first man who ever introduced me on the air and who announced our service so long ago—we were then meeting in the Pantheon Theater which was a large and beautiful theater, not far from where the church is now located. That's where the broadcast originated—and Jerry sent me this telegram a few minutes ago! He says: "Dear Dr. Bradley. It was an eventful day, our walk to the stage of the Pantheon Theater, a cherished memory! Congratulations! Sincerely, Jerry Sullivan." Now some of you might not know Jerry Sullivan, but the older listeners to Chicago radio cannot help but remember him, because Jerry had his own little identification and his own technique! I can hear it yet: "This is WQJ, Chi-*caw*-go!" And those of us whose memories go back to those years will never forget Jerry Sullivan! And I appreciate, very much, hearing from him this morning!

Now in thirty-three years much has happened to our world; much has happened to our church; much has happened to me! It has been thirty-three years of constant challenge! We have gone through two major wars together—three, if you call the Korean War a war, and I do; we have experienced two major depressions and three lesser depressions in the life of the country; we have seen the effects of the achievements of science on the entire social structure of the human race within these thirty-three years; we have had moments of mountain-peak experience and exhilaration, and we have walked together in the valley of despair and tragedy! There probably is no more intimate—as there is no more beautiful—association in this world than the association between a pastor and the people whom he is trying to serve! That is the most beautiful association in the world! I have always thought of my radio congregation as an EXTENSION of the circumference of this church, because of the thousands of letters I have received during the years, the problems sent in, and the difficulties, and the confessions that have come to me as people have opened up their hearts and revealed their anxieties. The opportunity which I think is the most important of all involved in broadcasting a church service is the fact that the service is made available to those who, because of illness or age or distance, are unable to share in the best of one's thinking and the best of one's work in the pulpit! And this little

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

I AM wondering in the afterglow of life whether I really did appreciate my youth. I want to keep something of that youth, no matter what time does chronologically to me. Every person has two ages. You have a biological age, which is the age of your body—the age of the arteries, the bones and the organs of the body. That can be called your chronological age—the age that is conditioned by dates and months and years! Then you have a psychological age; and I know a great many people who are chronologically 80 and are psychologically 20. And I know some people who are chronologically 18 who are psychologically 70! That is too wide a gap. But when you see an elderly person who is beginning to enjoy a little modernity in life and doesn't wear the old-fashioned bonnet and begins to put on something a little more "fetching," and you say to this dear little grandmother "Oh, act your age!" you don't know what you're talking about! The fact of the matter is she *is* acting her age—not her chronological age, but her psychological age. And I'm for it! I like young grandmothers and young grandfathers. There isn't any more attractive person in this world than a young old person. And if you can keep your chronological age and your psychological age clear and distinct, and encourage your chronological age as best you can—we ought to take care of our health, by eating the right things, drinking the right things and getting the right amount of rest—but too many people are neglecting their psychological age. There are certain values that run through life. Do you remember Wordsworth's beautiful poem:

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky.
> So it was when I was young,
> So it will be when I am old,
> Or let me die.

There is the whole philosophy of it. Is your heart leaping up? Is there a rainbow of dreams in your sky? You are never old as long as you can see the rainbow in the sky. The beauty of nature never grows old. Cultivate a love of nature. Good literature never grows old. Cultivate a love of it. If you will cultivate within you a love of nature, of good literature, of good poetry, of good music, you may grow chronologically old, but you will stay eternally young! And with it all develop a spiritual serenity—an inner sense of dependency upon the infinite God.

"Some Radio Experiences"

(*Continued from page* 9)

piece of tin simply PUSHES OUT the circumference of the church, and I think of our entire radio field as the OUTER limits of the influence and the work of the church!

In my humble opinion, radio has been one of the greatest influences for understanding! More Protestants have heard more Catholic priests than they would ever have heard without it; more Catholics have heard more Protestant ministers than they otherwise would have heard; more Jewish people have heard more Protestants and more Catholics, and more people have heard Jewish speakers! There are great segments of distinction that separate our body politic, and radio has given the opportunity of hearing all sides, various personalities—radio has been the great unifier in our whole opportunity of trying to solve the problems of civilization! And please don't write off radio! More people are listening to radio today than are watching television and the moving picture theater combined! That seems like an extravagant statement when you think that the publicity and the noise is all about television and colored television and all the rest of it. But even though one home out of every three in the United States has a television set, one home out of every two has a radio opportunity! And it's a great mistake for anybody ever to think that radio has lessened in its influence and in its strength and in its significance, because it has not! Quite the contrary! Radio is the great leveler! Radio is the instrument that will determine survival! Television stars come and go. The spectacular power of vision is upon us, and there isn't any doubt but what everyone is affected by the power and the opportunity of it, but it has a transitory quality about it! It has a disappearing capacity! And the personalities come and go and the spectacular comes, and there is a constant necessity of appealing to the dramatic instinct in the human heart, as indicated by all these "QUESTIONS"—a $100,000 question, the $64,000 question, and now they're going to have one where it will be possible to win a million dollars! And I give the whole business less than five years—less than five years and it will have disappeared! While those who appeal to the *visual* quality will think up something else—there WILL be something else, don't worry about that! But the plea I'm making is that we ought not to neglect, nor should we deny, the reality of the power of radio! It is as powerful today as it ever was, and I'm not sure but what it is more powerful! I look back across the experience of these thirty-three years of broadcasting, giving me the enviable position of being a pioneer radio preacher in the United States. We have been quietly going along from year to year, from Sunday to Sunday, just trying to help people, that's all—we've had no propaganda, we've had no crusade; we've no axe to grind—we're just trying to help people along the way! And the greatest response and the greatest interest that we have had for these thirty-three years has come from people you don't know anything about, people you never hear of, but who are living their lives in a pretty difficult area and are trying to make life a significant adventure!

I've had many funny things happen; I've had many tragic things. I think, probably, the funniest thing that ever happened to me about this broadcasting business happened right in this church! I might have told you about it before—if I haven't it's strange! One Sunday evening, after a Sunday evening service, one of those dear little bits of bric-a-brac who had learned

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OPENING SUNDAY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

LAWRENCE AT SHERIDAN

1956-1957 SEASON

Sunday, September 16th, 1956

45th Year of

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY'S PASTORATE

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S SUBJECT:

11:00 a.m.—"ATLANTIC INTERVAL"—Broadcast WJJD.
Director of Music—Frank L. Bennett
Organist — Cathryn Bennett

Dr. Bradley returns from his annual European trip.
Let us fill the church to greet him.
Entire service broadcast by WJJD.

5:00 p.m.—Dr. Bradley will speak at the Washington Park Y.M.C.A. International Fair Booth.

September 23rd

11:00 a.m.—Peoples Church. "EUROPE REVISITED"—Broadcast WJJD.

7:30 p.m.—Greater Bethesda Baptist Church, 53rd and Michigan.

September 30th

11:00 a.m.—Peoples Church. "WORLD-WIDE DECISIONS"—Broadcast WJJD.

6:00 p.m.—Grace Methodist Church, Pekin, Illinois.

* * *

Our church has the following organizations to serve you:

Church Choir Men's Club Usher's Club Woman's Club
Business Woman's Club Channing Club for Young Adults
Senior Girl Scout Troop Two Intermediate Girl Scout Troops
Brownie Scout Troop

Church membership not necessary for uniting with any organization.

OPENING EVENTS

Professional and Business Woman's Club Dinner, Tuesday, Sept. 18, 6:30 p.m., Lewis Towers, 830 N. Michigan Avenue. Dr. Preston Bradley, guest speaker. Honored guest, Mrs. Preston Bradley; guest artists, Frank and Cathryn Bennett.

Woman's Club of the Peoples Church, Opening Luncheon, Belmont Hotel, 3172 N. Sheridan, Monday, Sept. 24th; audience to be seated at 11:45. At 12 o'clock sharp presentation of "My Fair Lady," by Gertrude Shepley; Luncheon served at 1:00 o'clock. Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest Speaker. (Doors not opened during the musical.)

Men's Club Opening Meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 25th, at 8:00 p.m. Conservation Night. Guest speakers, Dr. Preston Bradley and Mr. "Beaver" Bennett, author, lecturer, naturalist and nature photographer. Members of the newly formed Preston Bradley Chapter, I.W.L.A. and Mr. Ed Cooney, Membership Director of the Izaak Walton League of America, will be honored guests. For men only.

CHANNING CLUB NEWS

Young people who are looking for a lively group to join might ask any of the officers of the above club to show them the latest Channing Newsletter, Don Ruden, Editor. Many interesting trips and "doings" are reported in it. In addition there is a long letter from Vicki Staton, former Treasurer of the club, from Denver. For list of the new officers, see Directory on back cover of this issue.

45TH ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH
Thursday and Friday, November 15th and 16th

This is the great yearly opportunity for all members and friends of The Peoples Church to rally 'round this big fund-raising event of the year. To get the real enjoyment out of the Bazaar you must get in and help put it over. Plan on it well ahead; invite your friends to dinner with you at the Bazaar. Call on your friends and business associates to help with donations and contributions.

There is an opportunity again this year for a trip to Florida, some beautiful luggage, and a portable Television set. The latter is in charge of the Men's Booth.

Every member is asked to contribute one apron, one towel and a pair of pillow cases as well as a gift to the fancy goods booth.

There are always booths for Kitchenware—Food—Canned Goods—Candy—Linens—Jewelry—Women's Accessories—Men's Accessories—Books—Cameras—Toys—Radios—TV Sets—Quilts—Towels—Rugs—and many prizes to be won.

Bring your gifts to the Church Office. If you cannot deliver them, telephone LOngbeach 1-6878. For further information 'phone the General Chairman of the Bazaar, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912.

the art of growing old youthfully—I'd watched her during the sermon and she was helpinng me tremendously! And you don't know how people whom you can see help you! She was helping me tremendously—she was responding and her eyes would glisten—and after the service was over I saw her standing in line to greet me! As she came up to me I expected to receive some kind of a compliment—I didn't know what she was going to say, but she had a whimsical little smile on her face—and she said: "Dr. Bradley, I have been listening to you for the past eight years and this is the first time I have ever seen you! I have never seen you until tonight! And do you know something? You don't look at all like what I thought you'd look like!" And then she turned to me and she said: "Now don't let it bother you, because you can't *help* it!" I think that was the funniest experience that ever happened to me in all these years. This sort of thing happens all the time as I travel about the country and I go here and there and everywhere! I'm constantly meeting people who are seeing me for the first time and I always have a deep anxiety—because it is true—I can't help it!

The greatest experience and the most inspiring of many—I ought to write a book on it—that I have had in seeing the power and the importance of radio was in the experience with blessed Mae Ferguson of Belvidere! That was the crowning experience of the thirty-three years! She'd been in bed fifty-three years when I officiated at her funeral service in Belvidere last year—never walked! And hardly a week passed in the thirty-three years that we were broadcasting that I didn't get a little note from her in which she said: "I sat on the front seat of my church Sunday morning!" This was always her church! And her radio put her in what she called the front seat. She never saw it! She never was in this building, but I never went anywhere near Belvidere that I didn't go to see her! And one of the great joys of my life and one of the compensations of it in these later years, is the knowledge that our broadcast helps cheer and sustain hundreds of people who cannot get out of their own homes!

I'm going, tomorrow, down to Piney Woods, Mississippi, to preach the commencement address down there for Piney Woods School, the great school of Professor Laurence Jones whom you've all read about—"The Little Professor of Piney Woods." Ralph Edwards had him on his THIS IS YOUR LIFE program. My friends up here who have been hearing these services wrote to Professor Jones and said: "You should ask Dr. Bradley to come down to Piney Woods and give your commencement!" He has, and I'm going.

These wonderful opportunities that come from day to day out of the richness of this radio! I only hope and pray that there will be many years yet in which we can bring the message of liberalism, of tolerance, of understanding, of freedom, of liberty, of light—no restrictions, no creeds, no dogmas, no barriers! This broadcast has known no distinctions of race, creed or color! We have tried to stand for the things that unite mankind, rather than divide them! We must find a way to embrace our common great unities and project them in society! It's a serious hour for the world! I couldn't help but think of it this morning, early, as I was listening to an *international* broadcast! Former President of the United States, Mr. Truman, had an audience with the Pope today! And as they came out of that audience in which only they two were present, and were asked what was the subject of the discussion, there was one word—PEACE!

BOOK CHATS

WHEN some folks pick up a new book, other folks pick up an old one. An old one has just been revised and enlarged into a second edition. The first edition is only nine years old, but the principle put forth is very old and very simple. Norman Vincent Peale says the book "equals in importance the discovery of atomic energy." This new little edition of 128 pages is David Dunn's *Try Giving Yourself Away.* The magic of the idea was discovered by David Dunn "as the Centuries passed in the night," more than 30 years ago, while lying in his berth one night on the Twentieth Century Limited.

Prentice-Hall, Inc., the publishers, in commenting on this publication, make the following quotations:

"Dr. Preston Bradley, famous pastor of The People's Church of Chicago, in a broadcast devoted to *Try Giving Yourself Away,* said: 'A little book came my way early last month that has been a great experience in my life. . . . I want everybody hearing my voice to get hold of it during this coming week and read it. . . . You will thank me for bringing it to your attention.' "

"Elsie Robinson, in her syndicated column, *Listen World,* said: 'I could wish no finer future for this little book than that it may go on forever giving its courage and hope and its friendliness to a world which needs them so badly.' "

"Other readers say it helps them to win new friends, to stay young in spirit, to live a fuller, more worthwhile, more satisfying life, to be happier than they have ever been before."

I do not intend to try to tell you what the book says here, for I would not want to deprive you of the pleasure of having it unfolded to you in David Dunn's own way, and from the start. So here are whatever hints you may obtain from the chapter headings: I Make an Important Discovery—Capsule Adventures in Giving and Living —"A Portion of Thyself"—Obey Your Warm-Hearted Impulses—A Businessman With a Hobby—Bread Upon the Waters—Giving Yourself "in Kind"—Minutes Make Fine Gifts—Multiply Your Giving by Three—The Unbuyable Gifts—The Priceless Gift of Tolerance — Three-cent Giving — On Lowering the One-in-Ten Average—Little Sparks of Appreciation—Appreciation - in - Depth — Are You a "Noticer"?—Experiments in Interest-Giving—The Poverty of the Wealthy and the Loneliness of the Great—The Finest Heart Tonic in the World—Giving Yourself to a Group—Citizen-Giving—Are You a Credit-Giver?—On the Sharing of Surpluses—The Gracious Art of Receiving—The Investment of Influence—For Teen-Agers Only (Parents Please Keep Out) — Concerning Rebuffs — The Fun Comes From Inside—Greater Happiness-Now!—I Discover a Soul-Satisfying Way of Life—A Spirit of Good Will is the Secret—A Wonderful Journey Through Life on a Happy Road.

Many who are familiar with this little book will be thankful to see the revised and enlarged edition. If you are not familiar with it, do pick it up and thumb through it the next time you are in your favorite bookstore.

* * *

I quote from a preface: "Naturally I

hope that many dutiful grandchildren will purchase this book as a gift for their grandparents. But I hope even more earnestly that they will read it themselves before presentation. For as I wrote the book, I imagined I was speaking, for the most part, to those still young.

"In the four decades and more that I have taught young people I have often felt impelled to remind them that while still young they were daily determining the sort of old people they were going to be. Few exercises could be more salutary for the young in their idler moments than to observe the aged people they chance to see, and to decide which they would care to resemble when the relentless years have made them old people in their turn. When with John Donne one discovers 'the autumnal beauty' of some aging face, one grows attentive to the presence of desirable traits in that person, who becomes henceforth a model.

"When I was midway in the writing of this book, I read a brilliant and scathing review of 'how-to' books in *The New Yorker*. Then and there I resolved that this book should not be another 'how-to.' Now, as I finish reading the manuscript as it has come back from the typist, I find to my chagrin that it is a 'how-to' after all. It's a 'how-to-grow-old' book. Perhaps it is inevitable it should be. People are doomed to grow old; but mostly they grow into their old age without any sense of the architectural possibilities in the process.

"I am reminded of an incident on our own campus. The Dean of the Faculty had a precocious daughter aged seven. One lovely Sunday evening in spring the little girl was going reluctantly with her mother to Vesper Services on Pine Top. 'Oh, dear,' she said, 'I suppose we'll be doing this till Doomsday.' The mother, who never let a difficult word pass unchallenged, said, 'Do you know, dear, what Doomsday is?' 'Yes,' said the child, 'The day gravity lets go.'

"And I conclude people will be writing 'how-to' books about aging until Doomsday. For old age will persist until gravity lets go."

The above quotation is what the author, Ethel Sabin Smith, says about her recently published book, *The Dynamics of Aging,* published by W. W. Norton, Inc. Mrs. Smith is now retired as Professor Emeritus of Philosophy and Psychology, of Mills College.

Mrs. Smith's book goes beneath the surface to find the psychological laws which underlie the ability to keep on enjoying life throughout the later years.

* * *

The Saturday Review of Literature for August 11th has a cartoon of three male angels up in the clouds, each occupying his own individual cloud. One is lying on his tummy on a cloud, with his chin propped up in his hands; another is sitting on a cloud; the third has his head enveloped in a cloud, while he is suspended in air. The other two are observing the one up above them and one of them says to the other: "Don't worry about George—he's some sort of visionary." The cartoon reminded me that I had recently read Henry David Thoreau's remark: "If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." Looking again at the cartoon I decided the visionary was the best bet, for he was at least "dreaming up something," while the first angel who was on his tummy and the second who was seated, were just resting on their clouds,

neither active nor dreaming up anything.

* * *

I have not yet seen the new book by the Overstreets, Harry and Bonaro, authors of *The Mature Mind* and *The Mind Alive.* It is titled *The Mind Goes Forth,* and is listed as the drama of understanding, in which we are helped to reach out, as a mature personality, to meet others on a common ground of human understanding. It ". . . takes philosophy out of the ivory tower and gives it everyday values . . . hundreds of clues to a good life and a good society." Surely no book could be of greater value at this particular moment than such a book by these great authors.

* * *

It would seem to the writer that before the summer is entirely over, one should read *The Search for Captain Slocum,* published by Scribner's Sons, being a biography which tells of Joshua Slocum's great journeys. In a small sloop that he had himself rebuilt from a derelict, Captain Slocum set out at the age of fifty-one, in April, 1895, with an old tin clock bought for a dollar as his only chronometer and $1.50 in his pocket. If that does not smack of adventure sufficient for the most adventuresome I know not what would. Especially since he set out to sail around the world alone, as navigator and sailor. The resulting voyage was not only one of the world's greatest, but *Sailing Alone Around the World,* the book he wrote about it, has an enduring place in the literature of adventure and of the sea.

Walter Magnes Teller is the author of the biography, *The Search for Captain Slocum.* The author writes that as "W. S. Barclay, the English geographer, pointed out, there were three passages through the Strait of Magellan that will not be forgotten: the first by the discoverer; the second by Sir Francis Drake, the third by Capt. Slocum. His, in point of pure seamanship, has been called the most remarkable of all. All alone, he both navigated and sailed. At the western entrance, single-handed he survived a Cape Horn equinoctial gale. He passed an entire night cruising and tacking in one of the worst death traps of the Seven Seas. His Cape Horn epic has not been repeated. It is not likely that it will be."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

A LETTER came to Dr. Bradley on July 16th which is a sequence to an interesting trip taken by Miss Lucille Keve and myself, while we were both in Los Angeles earlier in July.

Miss Keve's sister is a teacher of art at the College of Evansville, Evansville, Indiana. She had suggested that "Lucky," as Lucille is known to some of her friends, should visit Laguna Beach, about 50 miles south of Los Angeles and 80 miles from the Mexican border, because of an art colony there. On our last day in Los Angeles we made the trip to Laguna Beach.

We walked along the edge of the beautiful, gleaming beach, past a motel with a large swimming pool and on to the Victor Hugo Hotel, high on a cliff overlooking the ocean. There an artist, Robert Bruce Rogers, who does "interpretive caricature, pixie portraiture, motion picture painting and design," did a pencilled profile of me in a brief five minutes and I was greatly interested in some California scenes he had on exhibit nearby. We had a nice chat while he drew the profile and he directed us to the nearby art museum. After spending some time there a lady we met at the Dixi Hall Studio directed us to the Irvine Bowl, a natural amphitheatre at one end of the town. She said her husband and other artists were there arranging an art exhibit for the Annual Festival of Arts which was to open the following day.

Each summer through the concerted efforts of hundreds of Lagunans, The Festival of Arts and Pageant of the Masters is produced here at Laguna Beach. Dramatized by the swell of music and professional staging Great Masterpiecess of the ages are brought to life. Our disappointment was very deep that we were not going to be there for the opening. The pageant was first shown in 1933 and draws spectators from all over the world.

At this Annual Festival of Arts more than two hundred local artists and craftsmen display their work along a fascinating artist's "midway." "Lucky" and I wandered about freely (for much of the exhibit was already on the outdoor walls). It was late afternooon and we took camera shots of some of the paintings where the lighting was favorable, and of artists arranging their exhibits. Not until the last click of "Lucky's" shutter did someone object to our doing so. Our only thought was to show them to our friends through colored slide mountings. "Lucky" has a very expensive camera, and I think she will have some beautiful slides. In addition to paintings, sculpture and ceramics were on display. There was also an exhibit by Eugene Tasset DuPont, who is the author of "The Romance of Flowers" which runs every Saturday in the Chicago Daily News. This is a nationally syndicated feature. Mr. DuPont sent to Dr. Bradley since I have returned from the trip, the first of his articles, published on February 5, 1956, in the Toledo Blade, and I was amazed at some of the things I read: that flowers helped Mendel discover the complex laws of heredity. In an article about Mr. DuPont, I read that this has been a lifetime hobby with him, since his Harvard days.

"Consider the flowering plants, how they grow!" says the hobbyist. "Magically they capture the sun's energy by a secret process that baffles science. Unable to move, they are found all over the earth. Unable to run away, they protect themselves with thorns, acrid odors, poisons. They reward their benefactor with nectar, fruit, and pollen. From simple plants they evolved into spectatcular varieties by cooperating with wind, water, birds, animals and insects. Flowers bloom in deserts, on rocky cliffs, under water, and even push their way through snow. Without brains they do things worthy of an Einstein." Some of Laguna's leading artists illustrate The Romance of the Flowers, and these illustrations were on display in the DuPont booth.

Some flowers have strange relatives, such as the Day Lily, which is closely related to tulips, onions, garlic, asparagus, aloes, Easter Lilies, and the poker plant, actually with some 4,000 close cousins throughout the world mostly in Europe and Asia. "That is the fascinating thing about the Romance of Flowers," says Mr. DuPont.

"One finds some of the most unusual bedfellows among them."

In the News of May 19th Mr. DuPont told a fascinating story of the insect-eating plants who catch their food and then digest it.

In another article he tells of the "Niagara of Fruits" that come from the rose family, including peach and apple blossoms, strawberry flowers and the blossoms of so many of the berries.

Included in Mr. DuPont's letter to Dr. Bradley is the following:

"See what Mendel discovered in his garden just by becoming good friends of the sweet pea. See what Burbank discovered in his fabulous California garden, near San Francisco. This garden Mrs. Helen Eddins and I had the pleasure of wandering in two years ago. See what Burroughs discovered in the wild forests and fields. See what Linneaus discovered on his trips in Sweden and Norway. Look what Darwin found out." And he continues: "The buttercups, peonies, columbines and clematis have an ancestry that goes back 50 million years; in contrast to the orchids and asters that evolved in the last two or three million years. They are young flowers but more highly evolved. They are the latest models in this everlasting scheme of change and more change."

Mr. DuPont had noticed "Lucky" and myself taking camera shots, spoke to us, and when he found we were from Chicago asked if we read the Daily News. "Lucky" then mentioned that I was Dr. Bradley's secretary, which interested Mr. DuPont greatly for he said "Oh, I know Dr. Bradley. I used to sit in his church many a Sunday." Then he wrote a pencilled note for me to show to Doctor when I returned. He said over 30 years ago he first came to Chicago and that the last times he spoke with Dr. Bradley were in 1920, 1924 and 1934; that he remembered the deathless words of William Ellery Channing above the altar; remembered all of Dr. Bradley's dramatic ways and loved them; remembered his matchless choir and liked everything about the Peoples Church.

The men, women and children of Laguna Beach act as models in staging the great paintings and sculpture of the ages, from July 14th through August 12th. The programs always close with Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." It must be a beautiful program to see, as well as the entire exhibit of paintings, sculpture and ceramics.

My first fairly thorough view of Los Angeles and San Francisco has only given me an appetite for more of the same.

* * *

In our Mail Bag we find a letter which came before Dr. Bradley left for Europe:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have just learned that you will be leaving in a few days for Denmark, which is the home of my parents, as they both came from Aalborg as young people to make their home in this country, in order that their children might grow up in this wonderful nation of ours. But my parents never did forget their native Denmark and at least on two occasions they went back for the Fourth of July celebration in Rebild National Park, just outside of Aalborg. So it thrills me immensely that this year you are to give the address at the Fourth of July celebration. I wish I could be there in person with you, but inasmuch as that is not possible, we shall be thinking of you especially on that day, because I know it will mean so very much to those who

will have the opportunity of hearing you.

I have several relatives in Aalborg and I am writing them to be sure to attend the Fourth of July celebration, because they will have the opportunity of hearing not only the greatest and best loved of all our American liberal preachers, but to me, a very dear personal friend who has always been an inspiration to me to carry on. As I look back to when the tragedy of losing my family struck, I know that it was your messages of encouragement that helped me through those trying times, for which I shall always be most humbly grateful.

I believe the Rebild Park in which the Fourth of July celebration is held each year in Denmark is near Dybil Bakke, which translated in English means Dybil Hill, and it was at this place that grandfather on my father's side was shot in the war of 1863 between Denmark and Germany. So you see, though I have never been to Denmark I have considerable family heritage there, of which all Danes are very proud. As I speak, read and write the Danish language, I do hope some day to visit the home of my Viking ancestors.

And now wishing you a safe and most happy voyage to the home of my ancestors, and trusting you may return to us soon in the best of health and spirits, we remain, as always,

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. James Sorenson.

(Mr. Sorenson expressed joy in that the church debt had been reduced from $300,000 to $28,000, and enclosed a check toward wiping out the debt.)

* * *

And here is expressed the appreciation of two students:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We of the Korean Student Aid Committee would like to express our sincere gratitude to you for taking time from your busy schedule to appear on our campus.

We feel that your appearance here has given us new inspiration and new insight—insight that we hope to apply through the rest of our lives.

Thanking you again, we are,

Sincerely yours,

John Stratton and

Carolyn Dunham.

* * *

Dr. Bradley is a member of the sponsoring committee of the Easter Seal Campaign, which is for the benefit of the Association for the Crippled. Before leaving for Europe he received their thanks in a letter signed by George H. Williamson, Chairman of the Board of Directors, and by Howard L. Willett, Sr., Chairman of the Sponsoring Committee:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As we come to the close of another Easter Seal Campaign, we are ever grateful to all those who have helped to bring it to a successful conclusion. We are especially grateful to you, as a member of the Easter Seal Sponsoring Committee, for your interest and cooperation, and for being identified by name with the Easter Seal cause. We have worked for this cause for a number of years, and can assure you of its need in our community. We appreciate so much the help you have given us this year.

* * *

Mrs. Schenk of DuQuoin writes interestingly of Federation Day at the Egyptian Music Camp:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You don't know how surprised I was to receive a copy of your "Liberalist," and how much I appreciated it and enjoyed reading about your brief visit here. And when I saw my name I could hardly believe my eyes. It is a fine

publication and I know how much your congregation must enjoy it. Friends who have seen it are amazed at all the engagements you fulfill in a month. Certainly you are given strength from the great powers above to carry on your fine work.

I am greatly impressed with your words. They reflect my own feelings it seems, and I heartily agree with the ideas in your book. I just wish my husband could have read "Happiness Through Creative Living," and could have had the opportunity of meeting you. I feel it is a great privilege to know you.

This is Federation day at Egyptian Music Camp, held at the Grandstand in the Fairgrounds which I showed you when you were here. Our immediate Past General Federation President, Mrs. Chapman, will be guest speaker at a banquet held in the Auditorium of the Coca Cola Plant. I am to register guests previous to the banquet.

There are over 1000 students enrolled from 15 states for the four-week period. They are going to present "Oklahoma," the musical, July 3rd and 4th. Mr. Yoder and Mr. Smith, both composers of band and instrumental music, are here this week conducting sessions. Mr. Yoder is from Chicago. Tonight there will be a piano group of 12 or more playing at one time; also chorus and band selections.

Tomorrow my daughter, son-in-law and little four-month-old grandson from Evanston are coming down. Betty, my daughter, will be here for a couple of weeks. Naturally I can hardly wait for them to arrive. Will be so anxious to see little Bobby.

Dr. Bradley, I just don't know how I can tell you how much I have enjoyed and appreciated "the book" and the "Liberalist." I feel indebted to you after such a slight hospitality that I showed you.

May your journeys both far and near this summer be most pleasant and I hope with it all, you will find some time for relaxation and rest.

My sincere thanks,

Euta N. Schenk.

* * *

Here is a note from the "wide open spaces" of Mylo, North Dakota, the Island Lake Hereford Ranch:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

As an old-time friend of May and Tom Harrison, I send you warm greetings from the wide open spaces. In the winter months I live at the Wellington Arms Hotel, Chicago, and very frequently attend your lovely services and so thoroughly enjoy your masterful sermons.

Am a member of long standing of Fair Oaks Presbyterian Church, Oak Park.

So sorry WJJD does not come in good on Sunday mornings.

Am happy to enclose a small check to help in paying off the balance of indebtedness, and after harvest hope to add a little more. Greetings to May and Tom.

An affectionate admirer.

John R. Magill.

* * *

Here is an interesting item about the blankets on the United States steamship:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Enclosed is a check for The Liberalist subscription. That is a wonderful picture in the June issue of Easter Sunday in the Peoples Church.

Bon voyage on your trip across the Atlantic.

Should you perchance return on the "United States" passenger ship, please take notice of the blankets and steamer rugs, because they were all made in the Horner Woolen Mills in Eaton Rapids, Michigan, your home state.

They have a wonderful large mill there and at one time it was the support of nearly all the people, and they still employ a large force, but other manufacturing plants have come in during the past few years. Many residents work in Lansing, the capital, in automobile factories and stores. It is a city now of 6,000. My grandfather Moses was one of the pioneer farmers in 1868.

The blankets and rugs were a very large order and specially woven with the crest of the ship woven in. The design was destroyed, so no more can be made. It certainly was a compliment to the Horner Woolen Mills, which originated in England, and the first mill, owned by the father of Horner Brothers, was dismantled and brought over here and re-assembled and is still standing on part of the ground. It was operated by water power and a large wheel.

Eaton Rapids has all kinds of lodges, churches, a Junior Chamber of Commerce, Boy and Girl Scouts, Jaycees, 4-H Clubs, FFA, Kiwanis, Lions and Rotary Clubs, and supplies recreation for youth, which does away with delinquency. All are too busy doing things to help the new hospital, now under construction, and helping each other and the neighbors.

May God bless you and give you a restful vacation and bring you back to your beloved church to carry on for many years. I'll try my best in my small way to help the upkeep of the good work. Will be praying for your good health while away.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Elizabeth M. Moses.

(Surely the Chamber of Commerce of Eaton Rapids has a good booster for the town in its splendid citizen, Miss Elizabeth M. Moses, of whom they can well be proud.)

Mr. G. W. Burnell, who was once a page boy for Mrs. Marshall Field the First, was so grateful to see his letter in our July number that he sent in a subscription for "The Liberalist." We appreciate that brand of enthusiasm. He writes:

Dear Miss Smalley:

Enclosed find $2.00 for a year's subscription of your valuable journal, "The Liberalist." Who would not contribute to such a wonderful write-up as you gave me in "The Radio Mail Bag." When I read it I could hardly believe I was so very prominent in this busy world of ours. I never thought it would ever be published. The last biography I wrote was published in the Chicago American several years ago. Am enclosing a copy of the story I wrote. It was published in the Chicago American just before the Sun began publication in Chicago. Will you please return it to me as I have no other copies of it and would like to keep it.

Would like to get four copies of The Liberalist as I want to send two to relatives in California, Ohio and England—the ones with my story in it—July number.

I miss Rev. Bradley very much but get his Sermon each Sunday while he is away. Thanks so much for your kindness toward me. I sure appreciate it a lot.

Hoping I may live to hear a lot of the word of God through Dr. Bradley, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,

G. W. Burnell (Uncle George).

We note from the letterhead that Mr. Burnell is agent for ball point pens and society name labels, and we hope his business prospers.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Opening Sunday, September 16 ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD, Opening Sunday, Sept. 16. 11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (January, February and March) ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Opening Luncheon, Belmont Hotel, 3172 N. Sheridan, Monday, Sept. 24th; audience to be seated at 11:45. At 12 o'clock sharp, presentation of "My Fair Lady" by Gertrude Shepley; Luncheon served at 1:00 o'clock. Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest speaker. (doors not opened during the musical.. 12:00 noon
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Opening dinner, Tuesday, September 18th, at Lewis Towers, 830 N. Michigan Ave. Dr. Preston Bradley, guest speaker. Honored guest, Mrs. Preston Bradley. Guest artists, Frank and Cathryn Bennett.

Men's Club—Opening Meeting, Tuesday, September 25th. Conservation night. Guest speakers, Dr. Preston Bradley and Mr. "Beaver" Bennett, author, lecturer, naturalist and nature photographer. Members of the newly formed Preston Bradley Chapter, I. W. L. A. and Mr. Ed Cooney, Membership Director of the Izaak Walton League of America, will be honored guests. For men only ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*
Channing Club for young adults. Announcements in church bulletins.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday during church season. New members welcomed.. 9:30 a.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon
During the summer WJJD broadcasts a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley, by transcription.

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